



The Home Department

Conducted by Helen Watts McKelvey

Always the Best

Some days may be gloomy, some days must be sad,
But everywhere, always, some hearts must be glad;
For true is the saying, proclaimed by the seer—
"Each day is the best day of somebody's year."
Each day finds a hero, each day helps a saint;
Each day unto some one brings joy without taint;
Though it may not be my turn, or yours, that is near,
"Each day is the best day of somebody's year."
The calendar sparkles with days that have brought
Some prize that was wanted, some good that was sought,
High deeds happen daily, wide truths grow more clear,
Each day is the best day of somebody's year.
No sun ever rises but brings joy behind;
No sorrow in fetters the whole world can bind;
No matter our fretting—no matter our fear;
Each day is the best day of somebody's year. —Selected.

Home Chats

The first hint of springtime which the city dwellers have is the impossibility of getting their supplies, food, fuel, etc., delivered on time, as the side streets are practically impassible, and the drivers have to carry their load by piecemeals on their own shoulders, to the customers living away from paved thoroughfares. The poor horses have to sweat and steam and struggle as far as it is possible for them to haul the wagons, and are then left to take cold while their drivers deliver the goods on foot and indulge in "saying things."

Especially does it appeal to one's sympathy to watch the patient horses struggling through mud up to their knees, with the wagon wheels imbedded up to the hubs and almost "undragable," to coin a word, while the irritable driver whips and lashes them out of all reason. Swear? I should think so! And the pity of it is that neither the swearing or the lashings do one bit of good, for the poor animals simply can not get along. They would do just as much work for kind words.

The first hint the housewife has of the "breaking up" of winter is when the sun comes out some fine day and shows her how dirty her house really is, despite the fact that she has worn herself out trying to keep things immaculate. The awful fact that things must be torn up and treated to a dose of renovation dawns on her in an overwhelming flood of light, and the minute she begins, the warm, delicious sunshine woos her out to the yard where she finds her neighbor awaiting her, and the first thing she realizes is, that it is dinner time, and the beds

A NOTRE DAME LADY'S APPEAL.

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbago, backache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, to write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured all of these tortures. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers. FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 169, Notre Dame, Ind.

not made, while she has spent the golden hours drinking in the sunshine and deciding what gardening she is going to do!

There will be more delicious mornings, plenty of them, and if she has thought to toss the bed clothes over the chairs and opened all the windows, there will be nothing lost by her absorption of the sunshine and sweet air. If she will do this often enough, she will laugh a little oftener, and believe all the stronger in the goodness of the world about her, and the strength the air-bath brings her will enable her to do more work in less time, and in a thorough manner than by any other means. I want to prescribe all possible of sweet air and sunshine, and—do take the medicine!

Floral Chats

Every one who saw them, last fall, in the west end of the horticultural building at the exposition, will recall how very beautiful were the gladiola blooms so lavishly displayed in that department. The bulbs are so cheap, and so easily grown, and, after ripening in the fall so easily cared for, that every garden should have a spot devoted to them. A few bulbs may be started early in the house, to be turned into the ground without disturbing the roots as soon as it is warm weather, while others may be planted out doors at intervals until the middle of June or the first of July, thus prolonging the bloom period until late in the autumn. Eight to a dozen should be set in a close clump, about five inches deep, and a central support may thus serve for the whole of the flower stalks by a tasteful tying up with a crinkled wire or suitable strings.

Tea roses should be planted—a dozen of them, at least. Many of our best florists sell a dozen for one dollar, and the plants come to you by mail perfectly fresh and growing, and with a little intelligent care in planting out, will start into growth with very little, if any, wilting. And there are few things more beautiful than a tea rose bush covered with blooms. Many of these are nearly hardy, and they may be had in all colors and shapes.

If one has no garden or ground which can be devoted to flower growing, a window box will be a joy as long as it lasts—or rather, as long as it has care; and it takes but a few minutes each morning to water and stir the soil with a table fork. Vines may be grown in these, and trained over the windows, and thus, no matter how little of the earth you may control, you can still have beautiful things about you.

It is fully time for a careful reading of the catalogues, and for listing and sending out an order for these little sisters of the sunshine. One can not be wholly unhappy, or lonesome, if she have even a single, thrifty plant to which to bring her "blue hours."

Too Big a Price

A woman who can find no time to read, to take a reasonable amount of out-door exercise, or to mingle in the mental and spiritual life about her, should pause long enough to take stock of herself and determine "where she is at." In such a case, something must be radically wrong, and a righting must be undertaken, else the wife and mother will find herself disregarded by her family and friends for the very things she has set herself so religiously to do for them. The question of es-

entials and non-essentials should be brought up, and a correct sense of values arrived at in order to determine what must not and what may be neglected.

The things pertaining to bodily comfort and necessary thereto are far fewer than most of us are willing to admit, and we are apt to purchase supposed essentials at far too great a cost. Nothing is worth the loss of temper, and when one works until the over-taxed nerves rebel or break down into fretfulness and nagging, it is paying too great a price—nothing is worth such cost. If it were put to a vote, I am sure our families would unanimously declare that they would much rather spare much service which they have been taught to regard as essential to the bodily well-being, and in its stead have the companionship and sympathy of a cheerful, good-natured, restful home-maker. The home should stand higher than the house, and, while it is well that the house be comfortably clean and the temporal affairs kept in smooth running order, the gude wife should give attention to the higher and better side, which expands the mind and refines the spirit. It has always been a source of comfort to me to remember that, while Martha called the dear Guest's attention to her "much serving," he did not chide Mary that she "chose that good part," which could not be taken away from her. Let us make friends with the best side of this life, while keeping faith with the grosser needs.

For Papering Whitewashed Walls

For any cracks in the plastering, if the walls be sound about them, wet up a little plaster of paris, and apply to the cracks with a limber knife blade; the plaster of paris sets quickly, and you must work fast, but if wanted to set more slowly, wet it up with vinegar—the stronger the vinegar the slower it hardens. When the cracks are filled, rub off until smooth. If the plaster is unsound, it is better to pull off the loose portion and have it "patched." If the whitewash "scales" off the wall, remove all you can rub off. Make your paste of good flour, strain any lumps out of it, prepare your paper, and with a pasting brush wet the walls you wish to paper on, and let it get dry; then, when you wish to apply the paper, wet both the wall and the paper with the starch, and apply the paper. This is an inexpensive way, and it is claimed to be effective. The starch must be of good quality.

For the Toilette

The time was when cold cream was used only in the event of chapped lips or rough skin, or to cure "cold sores," but now it is used habitually by the up-to-date woman when she is about to retire, to keep her face smooth and unlined. An excellent preparation for this is made as follows: Oil of sweet almonds, three ounces; white wax, five drachms; honey, one ounce; rose-water, ten drachms; tincture of benzoin, two drachms; essence of rose, one drachm. Melt the wax and add the other ingredients slowly, mixing thoroughly. The benzoin must be added drop at a time, to prevent curdling. The face should be well washed in warm soap-suds, using only a pure vegetable oil soap, to remove all the dirt deposited during the day, and dried with a soft towel, pressed, not

rubbed over the flesh. While still warm, apply the cold cream, softly rubbing it into the pores of skin, which have been opened by the warm bath. Do this at night.

Any woman who lives in the country is to be envied by her less fortunate sisters of the city, for she may have what money can scarcely buy—pure air, clean, fresh, unadulterated rain water and pure sweet milk and cream. These are two of the most effective aids to the keeping of a beautiful complexion, if intelligently used, and these can rarely be had in the city. Milk is shamefully adulterated, while the rainwater is foul with the washings of the dirty atmosphere of the dirty city.

Every woman who wishes to be beautiful should count herself lucky if part and parcel of the country where milch cows and farm cisterns abound, for there is nothing equal, in the way of a beautifier, to clean rain water and pure cow's milk for the bath, or used internally.

Women are to be commended for wishing to be as pleasing to the sight as possible. A woman who is habitually careless as to her personal appearance is certainly not an attractive sight, and an untidy head of hair or unclean hands and face is certainly deplorable, no matter what the work a woman may be engaged in. "The mishap of the moment," is excusable, but an habitual indifference to her looks is anything but a sign of good sense, to say the least. Do not be ashamed to try to keep your good looks, no matter what may be said of it.

For the Laundry

"A Professional Laundress" says: Wash and dry your tablecloths and napkins and, instead of starching and sprinkling each piece, as it is ready to be ironed dip it into boiling water, run through a wringer tightly set and iron quite dry. This will give a beautiful gloss and just "body" enough to prevent limpness. Napkins should be ironed full size and loosely folded by hand—no creases being ironed in. Table cloths for ordinary use may be folded once loosely and rolled on a large roller, the fold being ironed out when needed.

For cleansing delicate colored fabrics, grate two medium sized potatoes into a bowl containing a pint of clean cold water; strain carefully through a

EASY CHANGE

When Coffee Is Doing Harm.

A lady writes from the land of cotton of the results of a four years' use of the food beverage—hot Postum Coffee:

"Ever since I can remember we had used coffee three times a day. It had a more or less injurious effect upon us all, and myself suffered almost death from indigestion and nervousness caused by it. I know it was that, because when I would leave it off for a few days I would feel better. But it was hard to give it up, even though I realized how harmful it was to me.

"At last I found a perfectly easy way to make the change. Four years ago I abandoned the coffee habit and began to drink Postum, and I also influenced the rest of the family to do the same. Even the children are allowed to drink it freely as they do water. And it has done us all great good. I no longer suffer from indigestion, and my nerves are in admirable tone since I began to use Postum Coffee. We never use the old coffee any more. We appreciate Postum as a delightful and healthful beverage, which not only invigorates but supplies the best of nourishment as well." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.